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Just Friends



31 0 3

Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

"Morning, Miss Hope," Greyson said cheerfully when he entered the kitchen. "Mrs. Lefebvre, I swear, you must be getting younger every time I see you."

Mom blushes and gives Greyson a kiss on the cheek, the same way she did when we were little.

"It's good to see you again, Greyson. Want to join us for breakfast?"

"No thanks ma'am. I already ate breakfast but those pancakes sure look awfully delicious. I came here just to see Hope."

Greyson was a regular at the breakfast table, and every other meal at our house. We were best friends, and had been best friends since we were babies. Mom specifically left the front door unlocked in the mornings for him.

"Well, Hope is still eating and she still has to change clothes," Mom informed Greyson. "I hope you don't mind waiting."

"Oh, I don't," Greyson said earnestly, his dark hair falling into his dark brown eyes.

Not that I'd ever admit it, but I thought about Greyson a lot. I basically memorized his face, the dark brown eyes that had a lining of amber around the edges and an inner layer of gold that catches the light, the messy brown hair with bangs that fall into his eyes, a big goofy smile, one dimple on his right cheek, and long, dark eyelashes.

I continue stuffing my face with pancakes in order to avoid saying anything awkward (I do that a lot and Greyson, unfortunately, is

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"You look like a chipmunk," said Greyson, and I danced over at me. With that, Mom launches yesterday in the backyard and Greyson listens in earnest

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I finish eating my pancakes and stack my dishes in the sink, preparing to wash them.

"You don't have to do that," Mom said. "I can wash them later. Go change your clothes."

I self-consciously glanced down at my clothes, pajama bottoms and a ratty tank top. Suddenly, I felt awkward with Greyson sitting at our breakfast table. Could I have at least brush my hair?

"Love you Mom." I kissed her cheek then ran up the stairs, frantically grabbing my hairbrush and running it through my tangled, knotted hair. It flattened, but didn't become less frizzy.

Giving up, I pull on a pleated black skirt and a denim skirt, listening as Greyson and Mom start talking again.

"I appreciate your friendship with Hope," Mom said in her mom-ish way. "You know, she's always felt awkward around boys and never had a boyfriend. I worry about her sometimes."

"Oh, no," Greyson said politely. "We're just friends."

The air rushes out of my chest as my legs give out from underneath me and I sink to the floor.

We're just friends. How could three little words have such a huge impact on me?

But, as it turns out, those three little words would have a larger impact on everyone else.

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